

The Evening World.

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NOT IN VAIN.

SOMETHING is happening.
Persistent protests against price boosting, analyses of the constantly advancing cost of common articles, concerted campaigning for Federal control of food and other indispensable commodities, have not been in vain.

Even before Federal regulation is actually in force we find the coal operators of the country deciding to make a virtue of impending necessity, recognize the existence of a great national emergency and immediately reduce the price of coal at the mines.

The first reduction of from \$1 to \$1.50 a ton is regarded as only preliminary to further decreases to be determined by the Federal Trade Commission and the Coal Committee of the Council of National Defense.

This means that not only will the Government be able to buy coal at reasonable prices, but hundreds of millions of dollars will be saved to American consumers, large and small.

Something is happening.
Already the bakers and food manufacturers, who have hitherto organized only to advance the price of bread and the five-cent loaf, are now co-operating to secure through the Government a lowering of the cost of flour which will enable them to restore the five-cent loaf throughout the country.

Something is happening.
The big producers and distributors are being brought to realize that profiteering has gone too far.

Not only is there no patriotism in it, but henceforth there is no safety in it.

The nation is taking stock of its resources and of those who have the handling of them. Preparation for war has taught it a thing or two. There will be scant security for anyone who continues to gamble with its food or exploit its common needs.

Something is happening.
Producers, middlemen, wholesalers, retailers—let one and all take note:

Those who hasten to co-operate in the interest of the nation and its consumers will be the ones, and the only ones, who need not fear control.

Canadian troops again setting the pace in the movement on Lens. Canada has done a noble part all these years toward conserving British brawn and bravery.

CLARIFYING THE ISSUE.

THE Austrian Premier is reported to have specifically repudiated any assumption that the Government of the Dual Monarchy recognizes the right of peoples to determine their own fate.

In Austria-Hungary, according to Premier von Seydler, the Emperor alone has the power to conclude peace.

On the other hand we find a former enthusiastic historian and champion of Hohenzollerns now admitting that the "fateful dictate of the hour," even in Germany, is the democratization of state and national life:

"We Prussians cannot alone offer resistance to the great tide of the times flowing toward democracy in the midst of the German Empire, yes, of the European continent and of the whole world. We should thereby get into a dangerous isolation among the nations of the earth."

The issue becomes more and more sharply defined. Every time Teutonic Imperialism, whether in Berlin or in subservient Vienna, is forced to put its principles into plain, outstanding words, some new section of democracy in Central Europe shudders and begins to grope for some means to escape the fate to which Prussianism but too surely dooms it.

Let us be thankful the Senate is not too august to supply a worthy advocate or two for beer. It was left to Senator Lewis of Illinois to hurl the blindest dart of eloquence against discrimination:

"Must need I paint the picture of the rich youth seated at a table with fine champagne and a lady, and the young man fills the slipper of his paramour and lifts it to his lips, while outside the laboring man finds it impossible to have his glass of beer?"

Need he, or need he not, it's painted. Maybe this preposterous Prohibition meddling with grave national exigency will stimulate the contribution of more lasting lines to literature. To date, in the opinion of most, no one has better summed up the matter than did one William Shakespeare three hundred years and more ago:

"Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it."

Letters From the People

Citizenship of Soldiers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

A beta B that after joining the army or navy any man would at once become a citizen of this country. Is a, a, he is not a citizen until he serves his full term. Kindly decide, who is correct. S. D. K.

There is only one way to become an adopted American and that is by the usual process of naturalization. But former soldiers and sailors do not have to get first papers.

Twenty-Five Cents.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you kindly inform me of the value of a United States liberty cent, face to the right, dated 1798. A. V. L.

Question of Army Service.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I was born in England, but came to this country at the age of three. My father became a citizen of the United States of America in 1912. Am I liable for service in the British Army? H. G.

If you were under age at the time of your father's naturalization you are now a citizen and subject only to United States Army service.

Thursday.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly let me know the day of the week on which June 15, 1876, fell. J. T.

Hits From Sharp Wits

It was said many, many years ago that all is fair in love and war. It is a mistake. There are things that are not fair in either.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

People who are full of their own conceit prove their emptiness by giving out hollow noises.—Chicago News.

There are men who ask your advice just to find out if you won't advise.

Just what they have decided to do—Wilmington (N. C.) Star.

The man who always says "call on me when you need me" is the man who is never in his office.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Years ago we remember reading a book that settled all disputes between capital and labor.—Toledo Blade.

Great ideals are not to be found in the dark places; they are the outgrowth of sunshine.—Milwaukee News.

The Autocrat!

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By J. H. Cassel



Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

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An ideal wife is merely a "milliner's mirror," in which a man always sees a flattering reflection of himself.



After a woman has finished reading all the summer-resort catalogues, and her husband has greedily devoured all the automobile advertisements, they are ready to count over their assets, and compromise on a new porch-hammock and a garden in the back yard.

It isn't a husband's disinclination to listen to his wife's conversation, but that "I-am-ready-to-bear-with-you" expression with which he does it that grates on her nerves so.

No doubt a man figures that a woman believes such a small portion of what he says, anyway, that if he didn't "lay it on thick" to begin with there wouldn't be anything left of it.

When they sit off alone and gaze dreamily up at the June moon, you can safely surmise that a woman is thinking of the last man who kissed her, and that a man is thinking of the next woman he intends to kiss.

A man's vices are merely his virtues carried to extremes; a miser is an economist gone too far, a prodigal is a philanthropist run to seed; and a rouser is simply a "good fellow" overdoing the role.

Signs that the honeymoon is over: When she can hear his key in the latch and go right on reading her novel without glancing up at the mirror or running to powder her nose.

A bachelor's idea of eternal punishment is the thought of having a woman forever trotting around after him picking up things.

In order to see a man in his most interesting colors, a woman always has to scrape off such a lot of unnecessary whitewashing.

To-Day's Anniversary

RENZI, last of the Tribunes of Rome, on June 29, 1847, rose above the struggles of the nobles in the Eternal City, seized the chief power and expelled them in an effort to restore the ancient liberties of the city. Lawlessness and disorder, which had been the order of the day, disappeared under his wise administration, which, unfortunately, was overthrown after seven months by a counter-revolution. Renzi was the son of an innkeeper. Despite his humble birth he early displayed a desire for learning. The history of his own Rome interested him above all else.

Renzi's dreams were of nothing but the restoration of the glory of his native city. He was eloquent on the subject and his enthusiasm kindled the flame in others. With saddened heart he looked upon the doings of the nobles, those who were supposed to be Rome's leaders. And then one morning Rome woke up and found that Renzi was king.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. RANGLE looked up from his newspaper, "Don't you think this world war has aroused all the primitive instincts of self preservation?" he asked of Mr. Jarr.

"No, it's the instinct for fruit preservation—I mean preserving," replied Mr. Jarr. "Isn't your wife putting up things, jams, jellies?"

"Sure," said Mr. Rangle. "All the women are. Those who have no yards to raise fruit and vegetables in are preserving them—food conservation, the advice of Mr. Hoover of Belgium, and a good thing too, don't you think so?"

Mr. Jarr nodded assent, but sighed. He had forgotten to bring home sugar, and there would be no Home, Sweet Home for him, he feared.

But when he arrived at his domicile he found so much excitement and stewed fruit fumes in the air, that Mrs. Jarr had evidently forgotten about the sugar, she having enough for her present needs, it would seem.

Besides, there was a visitor, Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith, in the guise of a Red Cross nurse. The dashing young matron evidently thought she was doing her bit by wearing the very becoming costume, without any of the responsibility the guise should call for. It occurred to Mr. Jarr that this masquerading would be regulated against in due time, but just at present the turmoil of war is an excuse for a lot of people to make nuisances of themselves in the guise of those

who are actually and unselfishly doing something.

"And are you putting up preserves, you dear practical thing?" asked the younger matron. "Let me have an apron and teach me how to make jelly."

"Of course I am!" retorted Mrs. Jarr with some asperity, for the jelly hadn't "jelled," and she had burned herself twice.

"What do you think I am doing," she added, "telling fortunes from fruit skins?"

"Oh, do let me help, and don't be cross, dear!" said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, appealingly. "You are so practical, so helpful, don't be so hard on poor untrained me!"

"Don't talk bosh, Clara!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "If you hadn't married that dotting old rich numskull Jared Smith you would still be doing laundry work if not light housekeeping in a furnished room!"

"It's real mean of you to talk that way to me when I want to help."

She added the visitor, but without any animus, whereas Mr. Jarr marveled.

Mrs. Jarr pushed over a bowl of berries to be stemmed and the visitor commenced herself in a picturesque attitude, after a cover on a war time issue of a popular women's magazine.

"I want you to teach me how to be helpful, how to be useful, in these times when no woman should be a drone or a parasite," said the visitor meekly.

"Now don't try to fool me, Clara Mudridge-Smith!" said Mrs. Jarr sharply, and yet with a note of admiration in her voice. "You wouldn't be telephoning me to find out what I am doing first and then come to see me rigged up that way and insist on

helping me unless you had some purpose!"

"Oh, I do want to be useful and helpful, indeed I do," pleaded the younger matron. "Let me have an apron and teach me how to make jelly."

Mrs. Jarr almost blurted out the dreadful secret that she was in doubt as to whether the jelly would ever jell or not, but she wished to preserve her influence, as well as the fruit, as a housewife who did all things with efficient perfection.

"Well, stir the jelly then, if you've finished those berries for the jam," said Mrs. Jarr in a mollified tone.

And thus was this visitor, hushed when the door bell rang and Gertrude, the maid, announced Mr. Silver, the bachelor friend.

"Come right in, Jack!" cried Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "I told you I had to come over and help Mrs. Jarr today. We are making jellies and preserves for war time; want to help?"

Mrs. Jarr gave the speaker SUCH a look, but a bachelor was upon the scene, and, for the sake of her sex, Mrs. Jarr could not utter what was in her mind.

"Ah!" cried the impressed Mr. Silver, "How can America fail, when its fairest and most delicate take up the rough tasks with a devoted and patriotic heart?"

"I might have known that mix had some scheme," said Mrs. Jarr to her husband later. "Her old husband is in poor health, and Jack Silver is too old for the draft!"

But Mr. Jarr had his own troubles; he was wondering when the subject of the forgotten sugar would come up.

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Business Efficiency

By H. J. Barrett

ONE of the principles of efficiency emphasized by an eminent expert is that advocating the utilizing of specialists' services," remarked an executive of a great publishing house.

"It was by applying this principle that I secured my present position. I'll tell you about it."

"It was some ten years ago. I felt drawn to the publishing business and felt that, given an opportunity, I could make good in it. But I was a youngster of little experience, and found it impossible to land a job. First I made an office-to-office canvass of all the publishing concerns of New York. This resulted in nothing but a succession of turn-downs. Next I wrote a letter, had it multigraphed and mailed it to the same list I had covered in person. I received not a single answer."

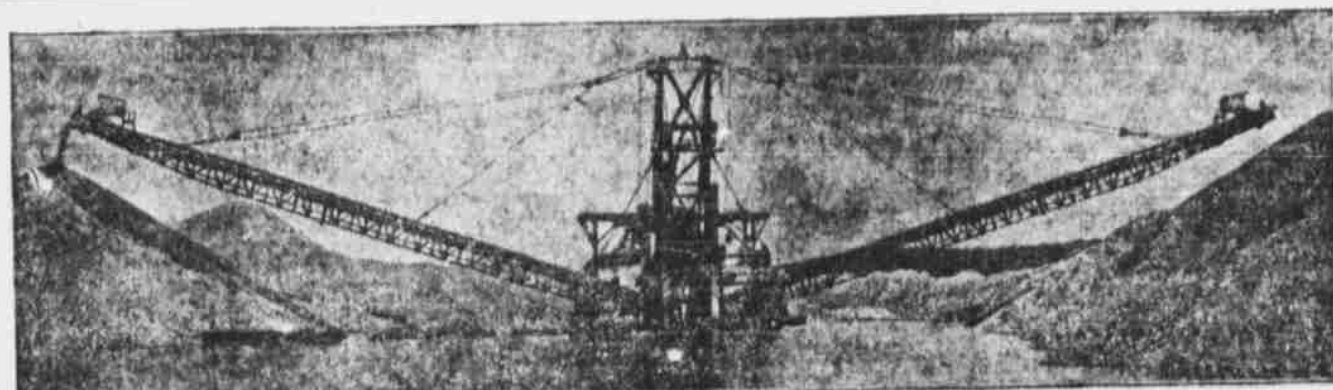
"About that time I met a college friend of mine who had graduated two years previous to me and who was now in the advertising profession. I told him my troubles. He asked to see a copy of my letter."

"The trouble with this is that it's too general," he remarked after reading it. "You claim to be ambitious, energetic, well educated and so on. These concerns receive hundreds of letters of that type. They all go into the wastebasket. Now, select one of these concerns, evolve some definite, concrete idea which you think would increase their business, and put it up to them with the suggestion that you're the man to develop it. The idea may not be practicable, but at least your letter will command a close reading and your individuality will be impressed upon the reader. The same principle applies to selling both merchandise and services. If a merchant advertises that he carries a full line of ladies' apparel he gets no results. But if he selects a few specific items he awakens a desire for those articles, and people respond."

"Now it happened that some time previous a great national weekly had scored a great circulation success through utilizing boys to sell it on streets and in offices."

"Why not apply this idea to the Literary Weekly?" I reflected, this being an organ published by one of the concerns with which I sought connection. I outlined my plan in considerable detail and mailed it that evening. Two days later I received a request to call. I was promptly put upon the payroll and set to work developing my plan. The idea proved to be adapted to our medium, but I had gained my foothold. By the time the scheme was abandoned I had before me a fixture and was shifted to other duties. I've been here ever since."

Mammoth Dredge Two-Armed Giant Wider Than River It Channels



A DREDGE company contracted with the United States Government not long ago to build flood-restraining levees on either side of the Yuba River, Cal., and to do it free of charge, the condition being that the company be allowed to dredge for gold while fulfilling its contract. Accordingly a gold dredge, costing \$500,000, was built which is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. An unusual feature of the mammoth floating machine is that it has two arms, each 225 feet long, instead of one, says

Popular Mechanics. These are provided with 44-inch belt conveyors that deposit the findings on either bank of the stream as the dredge moves

along. The digging ladder is equipped with steel buckets of 15 cubic feet capacity, which can dig to a depth of eighty feet below the water. The

hull which supports all this machinery is entirely of steel and is 125 feet long and 65 feet wide. The gold-saving tables have an area of 8,000 square feet.

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